

DELL
4 ALL COMICS

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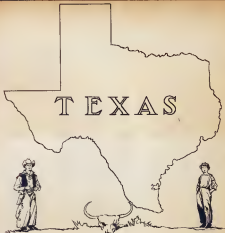
NO. 222

ZANE GREY'S

AUTHORIZED EDITION

WEST of the PECOS





IN THE BITTER YEARS OF THE LATE 1860'S, THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS, BY THE LONG RIO GRANDE, LAY PANTING FROM ITS EFFORT IN THE CIVIL WAR. ITS CULTURE AND WEALTH, CENTERED IN THE RICH FLATLANDS AND CITIES OF ITS EASTERN PART, WERE STAGGERING FROM ITS LOSSES IN MEN AND MONEY, BUT THE INCOMITABLE SPIRIT OF ITS PEOPLE WAS RAISING ITS EYES, ALREADY LOOKING FOR NEW COUNTRY IN WHICH TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE--LOOKING WEST TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS OF HOPE AND OPPORTUNITY--AND OASIS: WEST TO THE FERTILE MEADOWS BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RANGES TO THE INDIAN COUNTRY AND THE LAWLESS FRONTIER LANOS WEST OF THE PECOS!



WEST OF THE PECOS

by
ZANE GREY

A man in a red shirt and blue pants is riding a brown horse down a dusty street in a western town. There are other buildings and people in the background.

INTO THE CROWDY
LITTLE TOWN OF EAGLE
NEST, TEXAS, CLOSE BY
THE RAMBLING RIO
GRANDE TROTTED A
SOLITARY HORSEMAN
ONE SEPTEMBER MORN-
ING LATE IN THE 1880'S.
DUST COVERED AND
WORN FROM MANY DAYS
RIDING, THE LEAN RIDER
SCANNED THE SLEEPY
LITTLE VILLAGE CLOSELY.

"PECOS" SMITH, FOR SUCH WAS THE
RIDER'S NAME, SLOWED HIS
HORSE TO A WALK, AND
LOOKED ABOUT HIM.

HOWDY, BUB--
WHERE'S
EVERYONE AT
IN THIS BURG?

WHY, I GUESS
THEY'RE MOSTLY
ALL OVER AT
THE BRASEE'S
BAR, SIR.



WELL, I RECKON THAT'S
THE PLACE FOR ME,
TOO. THANKS, SUB.

YOU'RE
WELCOME,
SIR.

WELL, THIS ISN'T THE
LIVELIEST TOWN I'VE SEEN
BUT IT'S PROBABLY GOOD
FOR PROVISIONS ANYWAY.

MAWNNIN',
SIR.

MORNING -- SAY
THERE. WAIT
A MINUTE!

DON'T I KNOW YOU? 'COURSE
I DO -- YOU'RE COLONEL
LANSETH'S SAMBO, AIN'T YOU?

WHY YES, SUH,
THAT'S RIGHT.
SUH, AND YOU IS--
OF COURSE, YOU IS
MISTER PECOS
SMITH?

THAT'S RIGHT,
HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU SINCE I
HELPED THE
COLONEL FIND
THE RIVER
THAT DAY YOU
WERE LOST IN
THE FOOTHILLS.

WELL, TELL ME--
DID THE COLONEL
GET TO BUILD
HIS RANCH AND
SETTLE DOWN IN
THIS COUNTRY?
EVERYTHING ALL
RIGHT WITH HIM?

OH, MISTER
PECOS-- THE
POOR COLONEL
HE --





HEY, COWPOKE, YOU
CAN'T DO THAT!
THAT'S SAWTELL'S
JAIL!

STAND BACK, FATTY,
I WOULDN'T WANT
TO MISS AND CUT
ONE OF YOUR EARS
OFF --

THERE WE ARE!
HEY, KID! TERRILL!
C'MON OUT IN THE
SUNSHINE.

WHY --
WHY --



BY GAD,
SAWTELL WILL
HEAR OF THIS.

CAN'T KEEP A SECRET,
EH WELL, TELL HIM
IT WAS PECOS SMITH
THAT DID IT, WILL
YOU?

LET'S GO, BOYS TERRILL,
YOU LEAD THE WAY!

PEGOS, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.

YOUR GAOOY WAS A FINE MAN,
KID. I KNEW THAT JUST THE
LITTLE WHILE I KNEW HIM--AN'
I WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A TEXAN
IF I DIDN'T HELP ANOTHER TEXAN
IN TROUBLE.



BUT YOU'RE TAKING
QUITE A CHANCE
BUCKING SAWTELL.

NOT IF HE'S ANY
RELATION TO
ANOTHER ONE
I KNEW.



YOU KNOW
HIM THEN?

NO, BUT I KNEW
HIS BROTHER AN'
I HADTO SHOOT
HIM. HOW FAR'S
YOUR RANGH, KID?



SHOOT HIM?

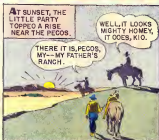
WELL, IT'S A
LONG STORY,
I'LL TELL YOU
SOME OAY.



AT SUNSET, THE
LITTLE PARTY
TOPPED A RISE
NEAR THE PEGOS.

THERE IT IS, PEGOS,
MY-- MY FATHER'S
RANGH.

WELL, IT LOOKS
MIGHTY HONEY,
IT DOES, KID.



THE NEAT LITTLE RANCH HOUSE APPEALED TO PEGGS AFTER YEARS OF SADDLE BUMMING. THE YOUNG GOMBOY LIKED THE CLEAN COMFORT OF THE PLACE.

YOU'RE SURE NEAT AND CLEAN FOR A BOY, TERRILL. GOLLY, THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN'S!

I--OH--I, WELL SAMBO AND MAUREE KEEP IT. THAT REMINDS ME, EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE.

SAMBO, YOU AND MAUREE MUST BE CAREFUL NOW.

YES'M, WE WILL.

HE MUST NEVER SUSPECT THAT I AM A GIRL! NEVER!

NO, MA'AM, I MEAN, SUH, WE'LL BE CAREFUL.

WELL, KID, YOU GOT A MIGHTY NICE PLACE HERE--MIGHTY NICE.

YES, BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH NOW, PECOS. MOST OF THE CATTLE'S GONE. AND THERE'S SAWTELL.

WELL, I WAS JUST KINDA THINKIN'--I GOT ME SOME MONEY, KID--QUITE A BIT--AND I SURE KNOW RANGIN' AND I WAS WONDERIN'--

YES, WHAT?

WELL--HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A PARDNER?

OH, PECOS, THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL. I'D BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU.

SO TERRILL LAMBETH
HAD A PARTNER,
AND UNDER THE
CAPABLE HANDS OF
PEOS SMITH THE
LITTLE RANCH BEGAN
TO GROW AGAIN

C'MON, TERRILL, WE
GOT SOME MORE RICH'
TO DO. WE'LL WORK UP
THEM SULLIES FOR A
FEW DAYS.

BE WITH YOU IN A
MINUTE, SOON'S I
HITCHUP THIS
SADDLE



A STRONG FRIENDSHIP GREW UP
BETWEEN THE SLIM YOUNGSTER AND
THE COWBOY. MANY A FIRE-LIT EVENING
THEY TALKED TOGETHER AND GREW CLOSER

WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY,
KID. HAPPENED JUST
AFTER I LEFT YOU AND
YOUR FATHER.



BUT OF LATE, PEOS UNFOLDED
THE STORY OF HIS PAST TO
TERRILL.

AND ENDED JUST
BEFORE I RODE DOWN
TO EAGLE NEST
WHERE YOU WERE
IN THE COOLER.



YOU SEE, I WAS WORKIN' FOR THE
HEADS AT THE TIME -- TRAILIN'
RUSTLERS MOSTLY.



AN' ONE DAY I CAME IN OFF A TRAILIN'
PARTY TO FIND A GUY NAMED SAWTELL,
BROTHER TO THIS BREEN SAWTELL OF
YOURS, WAITING FOR ME.





WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE
LONG TO GET THEIR
SIDE OF IT.

'COURSE WE WAS
BRANDIN' HAYRICKS,
BUT THEY AIN'T NO
LAW 'BOUT IT IN
TEXAS, IS THERE?

I GUESS NOT—



WELL, LOOK HERE,
PECOS—WHY DON'TCHA
THROW IN WITH US
FOR A SPELL? WE'D
LIKE TO HAVE YOU.

WELL, MEBBE
I MIGHT—



SO I DID— I THREW
IN WITH 'EM AND
WE SURE WORKED.
WE'D SPEND A
DOUPLE OF MONTHS
ROUNDIN' UP CATTLE
AND SELL 'EM AND
START OVER AGAIN.



THEN, ONE DAY, AFTER A
ROUNDUP.

BOYS, I'LL WAIT HERE
AND KEEP CAMP WHILE
YOU'RE GONE. NO USE
TO BREAK IT UP ALL
THE TIME.

O K, PECOS,
WE'LL BE BACK
IN 'BOUT A WEEK.



WELL, AFTER A WEEK WENT
BY WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF
'EM, I COMMENCED TO GET
WORRIED PLENTY.



I DARNED WHAT I
COULD AND TOOK ONE
PACK HORSE AND
SET OUT TO LOOK
FOR THEM.



THINGS DIDN'T
LOOK TOO GOOD
TO ME NEITHER.
THE COUNTRY WAS
LOADED WITH
INDIAN SIGNS AND
I KEPT A MIGHTY
SHARP EYE OUT.



ABOUT FIVE DAYS OUT OF
CAMP --

OH! OH!-- THAT'S A
MAN SCREAMING IF
I EVER HEARD ONE!
RIGHT OVER THAT
HUMP.

EE-YOW!



I HOBLED THE HORSES IN A
LITTLE DRIF-- THEN I CLIMBED
UP MIGHTY CAREFUL, -- AND I
BUT AN EYEFUL!



WHAT WAS IT,
PEDRO?
TELL ME!

WELL, YOU COULDA
KNOCKED ME
OVER!



IT WAS A MIGHTY PARTY FOR
TWO MEN, AND THEY'D ALREADY
KNOCKED ONE OF THEM! IT
WAS WILLIAMS!



THEY WAS MAKIN' ARMS
READY AND I KNEW
I COULDN'T DO MUCH, BUT
TRIED TO HELP HIM. AFTER
ALL, HE WAS MY FARMER.



IT WAS A LONG
SHOT FROM WHERE
I WAS LYIN'—
BUT I NEVER HAD
A CHANCE TO DO
MUCH FOR HIM...



"DROVE ALL OF A
SUDDEN, THE OTHER
END OF THE GULLY
JUST BUST LOOSE
WITH HORSES—
A COMING
WAR PARTY!"



THEM INJUNS BUSTED INTO
THAT BUNCHY LIKE A CYCLONE
IN A HAYFIELD.



IT WASN'T MUCH USE
TRYIN' TO HELP.
THEY WERE TOO FAR
SO I WAITED --





FELL THEM INNING GALE
RIDING DOWN TO THE LOWER
END OF THE DRAW, AND
THEN —



I REALLY PUMPED LEAD INTO
THEM RED DEVILS — FAST AS
I COULD FIRE I PUMPED IT IN



—AN' EVERY SHOT
WAS A HIT, I COULDN'T
MISS FROM THAT
RANGE AND THEY
COULDN'T SEEM TO
HIT ME —



FINALLY THERE
WAS ONLY TWO —
LEFT AND THEY
TURNED TAIL AND
SKEEDADDLED.



I WENT DOWN
TO WHAT WAS
LEFT OF THAT
NEGATIVE PARTY
THEN, BUT
EVERY ONE
OF THEM WAS
DEAD.











WELL, GOSH-- WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
THAT-- A GIRL?
I'LL BE--

WH-- WHAT-- WHERE
AM I?

YOU GOT KNOCKED OFF BY
A SMAG KID, BUT YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT NOW.

BUT PECOS KEPT HIS SECRET TO
HIMSELF, VOWING NEVER TO LET
HIS LITTLE PARTNER KNOW.

YEP, THEY'RE HALF-
WAY DOWN TO THE
RANCH NOW. I THINK
WE'D BETTER HEAD
BACK THERE
OURSELVES.

BUT I FEEL SO WEAK.
DID THE CATTLE CROSS?

I HOPE YOU DON'T
THINK I'M A SISSEY.

COURSE I DON'T.
YOU GOT A REAL
KNOCK IN THE HEAD
HERE WE ARE!

TERRILL'S GONNA HAVE
TO STAY IN BED FOR A
DAY OR TWO, SAMBO.
YOU AND MAUREE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE GOOD
CARE OF HIM.

YESSUH, MR. PECOS--
THIS AIN'T NO TIME
FOR TROUBLE I KNOW,
SUH, BUT--



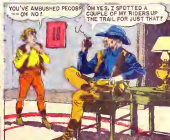












AN' I WOULDN'T BE
AT ALL SURPRISED BUT
THAT'S ONE OF 'EM
COMING NOW.



PROBABLY BAGTRY,
I GUESS--SO, HOW ABOUT
IT, KID-- YOU GONNA BE
FRIENDLY OR NOT?



OH, I WISH
I HAD A GUN!

NOW WHAT WOULD YOU
DO WITH IT, HUNT? IT'S NOT
AGE TO SAY THINGS LIKE
THAT.



WHY THE FIRST THING
YOU KNOW--SAY, WAIT
A MINUTE, IS THAT
BAGTRY? OR--



PECOS
SMITH!









WELL, LAWSY, I GUESS
MISS TERRILL AIN'T GONNA
BE NARSE TERRILL NO MORE
HE, HE, HE.

G'WAN, WHAT
SHE GONNA BE
NOW?



HONEY, SHE'S GONNA
CHANGE HER NAME ALL
THE WAY 'ROUND, THAT'S
WHAT SHE'S GONNA DO

YOU MEAN SHE'S
GONNA—



SHE'S GONNA BE
MRS PECOS SMITH?
THAT'S WHAT I JUST
HEARD?

WELL, AIN'T
THAT NICE?



COURSE THEY'S GOIN' IN
TO VINEGARWOOD RIGHT
AWAY THERE'S A NEW
JUDGE THERE.

WELL, DON'T JUST
STAND THERE, HITCH
UP THE BUCKBOARD,
I GOT A CAKE TO
BAKE I HAVE.



BUT, PECOS, THERE'S
NO JUDGE IN
VINEGARWOOD.

THERE IS NOW,
TERRILL.





GUITAR CROONIN' BLUES

by C. WILES HALLOCK

WHEN YO'RE OUT HUNTIN' STRAYS FOR THE ROUNDUP
ON A RANGE SORTA STRANGE AND NEW,
AND IT'S 'LONG TO'RD NIGHT - NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT
'CEPTIN' ONLY YO'RE HOSS AND YOU -
WHEN YO'RE STEWIN' YO'RE GRUB ON A CAMPFIRE,
AND YO'RE SPREADIN' YO'RE BED BESIDE,
WITH NO WALLS NOR DOORS 'CEPTIN' ALL OUTDOORS -
YO'RE ALONE - CLEAN ALONE, INSIDE !

Q, THE PINES LOOK SO GRIM AND MOURNFUL;
AND YO'RE GRIM - AND YO'RE MOURNFUL, TOO;
AND A GOVOTE HOWLS, AND YOU HEAR HOOT OWLS -
YOU COULD DIE, YO'RE SO DOGSONE BLUE !
BUT IT AIN'T NEAR SO BAD AS IT SEEMS LIKE,
IF YO'RE SMART LIKE OLD COWMEN ARE;
'GAUSE YOU KNOWS SOME TUNES EVERY COWMAN CROONS,
AND YOU HAULS OUT YO'RE OLD GUITAR.

THEN YOU STRUMS IN THE GARDIN' FIRELIGHT
AND YOU LIFTS UP YO'RE VOICE AND SINGS:
SUCH AS OLD BLACK JOE, CASEY JONES, SWING LOW,
LA PALOMEY, JUANITER, WHITE WINGS
YEP, YO'RE DANGED OLD GUITAR IS A COMFORT
IN THE NIGHT WHEN YO'RE FEELIN' STRANGE,
TILL YO'RE BRONG GITTS SORE AT THE GRAND UPROAR,
AND YOU CHASE HIM ALL OVER THE RANGE !



